The Seed Sower.

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Two Sonnets.

BY ALFRED HAYES.

I.

PRO TEMPORE.

Sick of the tumult, weary of the wail,
That grateth where the city's breath is sour
With greed's unclean disease, where children cower
In noisome dens, and women gaunt and pale
Pollute their souls for bread, our hearts would fail
But for the faith that in some wiser hour
Then will possess in peace the world's rich dower;
Envy depart and righteousness prevail.
And yet, though other eyes than ours will see
Thee, for fulfilment of our larger hope,
Justice ordains, and pity pleads that we
Should cull one garland from the sunny slope,
Where ease reclines, to gladden those who grope
In shades of want and sloughs of misery.

II

THE SEA.

Eldest of singers, never-silent sea,
Whether in robes of grey or changeful green,
Thou chantest, or in moil of moonlight shine,
No ear hath learnt thine open mystery.
Companion of the world's wide grief, by thee
We enter—gazing on thy tranquil mien,
Or hearkening to the tempest's hollow thrine—
The echoing portals of eternity.
Whether on solemn shores advancing quires
Of surpliced waves raise the resounding psalm,
Or prostrate murmur prayer, thy voice avails
The pulse of man's disquietude to calm:
Mourner, whose long complaining never tires,
Soother, whose consolation never fails.

In Time of War:

A PLEA FOR CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION.

A SERMON,

BY CHARLES HARGROVE, M.A.

"Lord, wilt thou that we bid fire to come down from Heaven to consume them? But he turned and rebuked them."—LUKE x. 54.

We are at war—the English people, men and women; those who fight and those who rule are only the executants of our will. If the nation objected to war, no ministry could carry it on; for through all the forms of government, through Sovereign and Cabinet, and Lords and Commons, it is the people who are always supreme; and no power is strong enough to withstand the people's will. In other countries it would be true to say, the emperor is at war, the ministry is at war, the military class is at war—for in other countries one or other of these may, and do, make war whether the nation approves or condemns. So the Italian may be wholly guiltless of bloodshed for nought in Abyssinia; the Frenchman may be blameless for waste of life in Madagascar and Tonkin; the Russian peasant has no kind of responsibility for warlike expeditions extending ever further into Central Asia; their governments are all in a way despotic, whether the despotism be of a ruler, or a class,

or an army. But ours is the freest of all nations on earth; and in England no institution holds its ground, and no law is effectual, and no policy can be maintained, unless public opinion support, or at least do not condemn it.

But we cannot have freedom and not incur the responsibilities that come with it. In a household the children are without blame for extravagance and untidiness, as they deserve no praise if thrift and order are supreme; but when they are grown up, and have themselves part and voice in the management, they must take their due share of reproach or approval. So must we, free-born Englishmen and women, justly proud as we are of our rights of speech; we must hold ourselves responsible for all that is done in our name at home and abroad.

Therefore I say *we* are at war, we the Unitarian congregations of Great Britain, as all the other churches.

Was the war from the first inevitable, necessary, in defence of justice and liberty, forced upon us for mere self-protection? or was it the result of unjustifiable demands and an overbearing diplomacy? These are questions which have been argued out night after night in the Imperial Parliament, and have, day by day for weeks, been discussed in the foremost columns of all English journals, great and small. They are not questions for pulpit discourse, were it only for the reason that it would be impossible in half-an-hour, or even an hour, to give them the full and fair treatment they deserve. Nor is it at all needful to do so; for the great question—ought we to go to war?—is settled for better or for worse. We are at war, aad quite certain is it that we shall continue at war yet awhile. Strongly as I am for peace, I have refused to sign a petition praying the Queen to come to immediate terms with the Transvaal, on the ground that it was simply expressing a wish for the impossible; and in a world where much possible good may be done I decline to waste thought or work on the impossible. So we, who are ministers of a Gospel of Peace, must needs accept war as a fact; just as we should accept famine or plague—these, too, being preventable evils for whose occurrence in this country we could not escape our own share of responsibility.

And being a fact, our place is to ask how it may be conducted so as if possible to mitigate its essential barbarity. When other evils afflict a land, we do all we can to counteract and end them. Is a city visited by some fatal epidemic? the resources of medical and sanitary science are taxed to stay its ravages. Does the crop on which a people depends for subsistence fail, and slow death by hunger threaten millions? statesmanship and charity compete to bring relief. War, though it come of our will, and all its waste and misery be of human contrivance, is yet worse by far than these evils we so much dread.

For War, at its best, is an authorised suspension of the code of law and morals universally accepted by all civilized people. To kill a man or grievously wound him, to slaughter or maim his horses, to burn and destroy his property, to take his goods to one's own use—these are everywhere accounted crimes, and more or less severely punished: they are deeds universally execrated of honest and peace-abiding men the world over. But in time of war these things become the daily business and the duty of those who represent their country and do its bidding in the field. This is what war means, these are the things we read of done every day on our orders. And we must not shirk the consequences of our own acts, nor with Shakespeare's—

> "Certain lord, neat and trimly dressed,"

complain of those who

> "Bear dead bodies by,
> And bring a slovenly, unhandsome corpse
> Between the wind and our gentility."

Do not let us be so weak and sentimental that we will the end, but shrink from contemplating the means. Let us gaze steadily on war's horrors, and know what we are about when we engage in it. It is sometimes right to take away human life—it may be right in this instance, many good and wise men think it is: and, right or wrong in the beginning, it is now inevitable. So long as war continues to be the means of settling international disputes (and I am told it is silly to hope that other means will ever be found), so long will it be the glory of a nation, like David of old, "to have shed blood abundantly, and made great wars upon the earth."—(1 Chron. xxii., 8.)

But though war of necessity implies bloodshed and death and destruction, it does not of necessity

imply the fierce and wicked passions, which are often the cause of it, and almost inevitably follow upon its outbreak.

We call ourselves a Christian nation; and whatever be the right meaning of the name Christian, one thing it certainly means, honour of Christ as an example of life, and respect for his teaching as the highest code of morals. But Christ, whatever else he taught about which we differ, did, as we all agree, teach men to love their neighbours and to forgive their enemies.

We do not call ourselves a civilized people, because it is one of those things which is understood without the saying it; our civilization is a fact patent to all the world, as we think. But the very foundation of civilization is self-control, regard for the rights of others, restraint of the violent passions which govern wild beasts and savage men.

And if our Christianity be not an organized hypocrisy, our civilization a thin veneer, we are bound to restrain within ourselves those savage instincts which war tends to quicken in us, and to repudiate all complicity with them: the instincts, I mean, of Revenge, and Hatred, and Greed, which even now are in many ways declaring themselves, unchecked and unabashed in our midst.

I thank God that those who are chiefly responsible for the war in which we are engaged, have been the foremost to declare that Revenge was in no way a motive for it, and have scouted the idea that gain of territory was our secret object. Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain have all spoken to the same effect, and in the most emphatic terms have denied that this country was going to war moved by any such savage and unchristian motives.

"We have nothing to gain," said Mr. Chamberlain, last November, "by any war which would transfer to us a territory not at present ours. We entertain no bitterness of feeling towards our opponents, whose courage we most readily acknowledge—in no part of the country will you hear voices calling for revenge." I accept the assurance most thankfully and sincerely, from the part of the speaker, but I know, alas! that another spirit is manifesting itself among us. Evidence of it is afforded day by day in our most popular newspapers, most popular because they give utterance to, and at the same time they stimulate, the passions of their readers.

How many references have we heard and read to Majuba Hill; "a very small action," said Mr. Balfour, "in which less than half a regiment of soldiers were concerned, and which, in his judgment, might be absolutely ignored, both in the present controversy and in any future consideration of affairs connected with South Africa." "A mere skirmish," Lord Rosebery called it; and it was fought 18 years ago, and our defeat condoned at once! Yet now I read in the account of one battle how the men, "drunk with excitement," pursued the flying Boers, inciting each other with the constant cry—"*Wipe out Majuba!*" And another, not a correspondent but a soldier, writes home; "It was horrible to see the poor boys round us, when the fight was finished, lying in the darkness and rain, dead, dying, and wounded, but thank God *we wiped something off Majuba* that day." Poor boys! let not us who read of their doings by our comfortable firesides lift up our voices to condemn them, while they are offering their lives for our country: but the spirit we must condemn. And when another correspondent reports, with evident sympathy, of the soldiers standing by the grave of their fallen chief, how "on each frowning face the spirit of vengeance sat, and each sparkling eye asked silently for blood," we can afford to admire the devotion of the soldiers, while deploring the hateful passions which war consecrates. And, above all we must take heed that here at home, where we have not the excuse of the wild fury which battle and blood kindles,—would kindle in us as in them—that we are not the instigators and approvers of such motives.

Yet are we not? Is it in Africa they have conceived the thought of Revenge? The ugly word has been generally avoided, but the thing has been more than hinted at in our daily press, and the motive is openly avowed by decent people.

The settlement that followed that reverse of a small British detachment may have been a mistaken policy: most people think now that it was. But, although some of the authors of that settlement are ministers responsible for the present war, our papers do not hesitate to denounce

it, now as "an act of poltroonery," now as "a false and wicked policy of so-called magnanimity." As if for the strong to pardon the weak, the greater to condone the outrage offered by a less, were in itself something mean and contemptible!

I saw the other day, in Mr. Chamberlain's own city, the beautiful picture of Burne Jones', called "The Forgiving Knight." By a wayside crucifix in a forest kneels a strong knight, clad in complete armour. In the background is seen riding away, unharmed, the foe whom he met at a disadvantage, and might have slain; but the spirit of the Christ stirred within him, and he withheld his hand, and let the wrong-doer pass on; the wrong he had done unavenged for the sake of Him, who, dying, prayed for those who crucified Him, "Father, forgive them." And the wooden figure on the cross, blind witness of so many a deed of ill, deaf listener to so many a prayer, hanging there in lifeless agony while the generations came, and knelt, and passed,—says the legend—came to life for a moment, moved to sympathy by so rare, so Christ-like an act; and we see in the picture, the hands freed of the rusted nails, and the arms stretched down lovingly, and the thorn-crowned head inclined, and the body bent forward to embrace the humble warrior.

Was he a fool, this knight? How could he tell but that the enemy he had spared would do him wrong again, worse yet than that which he had endured and forgiven? Fool, perhaps; only if such your judgment, do not pretend to be a civilized man or a Christian; frankly avow yourself savage and heathen, and there is doubtless much to be said on your behalf.

For Revenge is a virtue of savages, it is the primæval substitute for reason and religion, and law and order, and diplomacy and arbitration. It is a necessity where every man does that which is right in his own eyes, is a law to himself, and is restrained only by fear of consequences. Once a law recognised between nations or individuals, the plea for revenge as a reasonable motive of action is gone; reparation of injury or apology for insult is sought instead, whether it be by expostulation or by litigation. If the Boers have wronged us, let them pay the penalty! but let it be exacted from a sense of justice, from a desire of upholding right, and not from the mean and miserable motive of revenge for a defeat we suffered at their hands long ago!

It is difficult to fight men, to do our best to injure them in person and property, yet not to Hate them. And there have been too many signs of hatred and contempt of our enemies hitherto. There has been a readiness to welcome eagerly every report to their discredit, with the utmost indifference to the source, known or unknown, whence it came. The most shocking charges have been made on the mere voucher, "It is said," "Persons state," "I was told," and the like; and they are taken up and repeated as facts. It is natural enough; we are always prone to believe the worst of our enemies, but it is absolutely anti-Christian, anti-social; it is, strictly speaking, inhuman; for humanity is held together by the bonds of mutual respect and forbearance, and there can be no respect where there is willingness to think all evil, and no forbearance where every wrong is exaggerated to the uttermost. If they are our enemies now, these Boers, we must fight them as such; there is no need that we should hate them, nor does war suspend the laws of humanity or of Christ. It is *never* right to hate your enemies.

And lastly, while I note with heartfelt satisfaction the repeated assurances of our leading statesmen, that this is not a war of aggrandisement (as it is represented on the Continent), it is certain that there is another spirit abroad, and that such statements are not acceptable to all leaders of opinion. I read the other day, with a sense of utter bewilderment, the frank and deliberate confession of an eminent writer, as follows: "In Egypt, in South Africa, in every part of the world where British interests are at stake, I am in favour of advancing and upholding those interests, even at the cost of annexation and the risk of war. *The only qualification I admit is that* the country we *desire* to annex, or take under our protection, the claims we *choose* to assert and the causes we *decide* to espouse, should be calculated to confer a tangible and manifest advantage upon the British Empire."* I am confounded, I am staggered at such words. Did I read the like in the works of Julius Cæsar I should note them as the frank avowal of the policy which heathen Rome had consistently followed from the beginning; a policy which Augustus disowned, out of regard to the permanent interests of the Empire. But from a

* Edward Dicey, *Fortnighly Review*, September, 1899.

professing Christian! from a would-be leader of public opinion in Christian England! that we "desire!" that we "choose!" that we "decide!" these are reasons sufficient even for war!—the advantage of the Empire the only admitted test of the right or wrong of our doings! Yet this is the spirit of a great part of our press. We are intoxicated with the deep draughts of self-glorification, brewed for us these years past. With Nebuchadnezzar we contemplate our wealth and strength and wide dominion, and we say in our hearts, "Is not this the great empire we have established, by the might of our hands, and for our supremacy among the nations?" And our interests become righteousness to us, and our will we take for law!

I read in *The Spectator*, that most grave and religious journal, the supposed representative of all that is cultured and respectable in English society, how "a great change has passed over the ideals of nations within the last quarter of the century. Many converging causes have driven both Governments and peoples into *a fever of desire* for far-away dominions. The old objects are all laid aside—France produces no new art, Germany no more literature, Russia no new dreamers, we ourselves no new Liberals; all are preoccupied with *a thirst for success* in the new race for empire, empire which is to mean not only dominion, but careers, incomes, chances, and ultimately training and opportunities." * The caution only is added that we "must avoid war whenever possible, as a waste of strength," and be quite clear when we do fight—that we have right on our side? no such thing, but—what we are going to gain by it. In the same strain writes an Oxford professor, one who holds a leading position in the university as the spokesman of the Unionist majority, that "the vast majority, of Englishmen are to-day agreed that it is our manifest destiny to *extend* and to *aggrandise*, as well as to maintain the empire which our forefathers founded in virtue of the unconscious instinct of mastery." †

I believe it is true. The spirit of militarism, the lust of conquest, the ambition of aggrandisement, have taken possession of our people, and interest in all other questions has died away.

* *The Spectator*, December 16, 1899.
† Professor Dicey, *Nineteenth Century*, November, 1899.

The fact we must needs accept, but not without protest;—protest on behalf of Christ as against "the fever of desire," and "the thirst for success";—protest in defence of the gentle virtues which civilization brings in its train, respect for the rights of others, hatred of violent methods, development of our resources by honest industry;—protest above all for the Law of God supreme over all nations as over all individuals, "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not covet," "Thou shalt not bear false witness;" law which checks the fever of desire, and on national ambition, as on the sea waves, imposes the command "Thus far shalt thou go and no further." Heedless of this law, men and nations tread the way which, broad though it be and crowded, yet leads to ruin. For as the noble maiden, doomed to die, says in the great Greek tragedy—

> "None are the counsels strong enough
> Of all that come from man, to set at nought
> The unwritten laws of God that know not change;
> They are not of to-day nor yesterday,
> But live for ever."

So wrote Sophocles nigh five hundred years before Christ was born. For it is the common spirit of all religions, to revere a Law above our own interests and desires. And when nations grow presumptuous with success, and dare to exalt themselves above the law of right, then is it true, in the words of the Hebrew poet—

> "He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn,
> The Eternal One shall have them in derision."

Mighty is Britain, the sun never loses sight of her flag, nor is any sea unploughed by her keels: but this whole earth—were it subject to us, sea and land—is but a little place in the Dominion of the Most High, and His Law is alone supreme through all time and space.

Let us beware, lest in our almost boundless prosperity, "lest we forget":—forget that we are a Christian nation; forget the Fatherhood of God, forget the brotherhood of man, which Christ taught us. Let us beware lest we be driven by pride and passion to a ruin such as of old overtook Babylon and Rome; such as in our own days we have witnessed consummated on the once proud empire of Spain.

England's missionaries in every barbarous land "preach the gospel of peace." God grant that England's statesmen and England's soldiers set

before themselves no lower aim than to make the spirit of that Gospel prevail! But statesmen and soldiers are the servants of the people, they can do neither good nor evil but with our consent; they are of ourselves and share our passions. Let us give no place to the devils of Revenge and Hate and Greed at home, and then they will find no place in the hearts of the brave men who are fighting our battles abroad.

Dr. Martineau.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND TEACHING, BY E. I. FRIPP, B.A.

1.—Early Years.

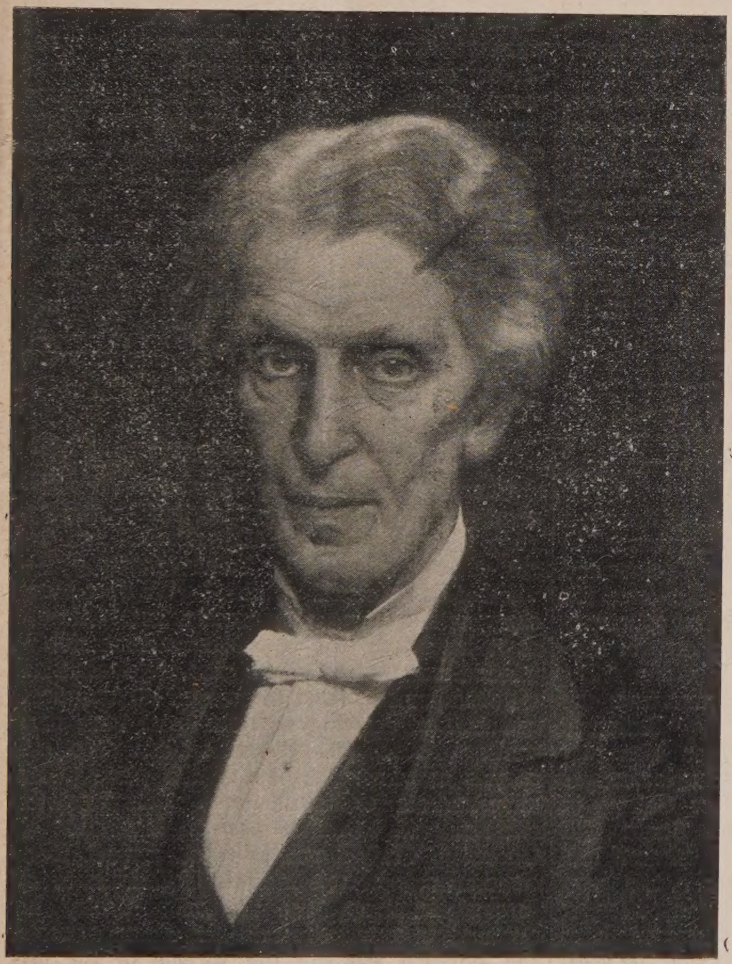
James Martineau was born at Norwich on the 21st April, 1805. His father—Thomas Martineau—was descended from a Huguenot, who, with others, found a home in Norwich after the Revocation of Nantes. James was younger than his famous sister Harriet, who gives us glimpses of him in her "Autobiography." Here is a very early one: "I was under three when my brother James was born. . . . I found myself within the door of the best bed-room. . . . The window blinds were down, and an unknown old woman in a mob cap was at the fire with a bundle of flannel in her arms. She beckoned to me . . made me sit down, and laid the bundle across my knees so that I saw the little red face of the baby." Another recollection is of two years later: "I awoke very early one summer morning and saw the baby in his crib. The room was at the top of the house, and some rising ground beyond the city could be seen over the opposite roofs. . . . With a world of trouble I got him over the side and helped him to the window and upon a chair there. I wickedly opened the window, and the cool air blew in. . . . The sky was gorgeous, and I talked very religiously to the child." They were much together in their early days, at play and at lessons. Norwich then was a centre of considerable intellectual life. The Unitarians were numerous at the Octagon Chapel, where the family worshipped, and among them was John Taylor, the hymn-writer—whom Southey visited. Other visitors to this circle were Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Aikin. A school of landscape painters, which included the Cromes, Cotman, and afterwards James Stark, was becoming famous in the neighbourhood; and the spirit of the good and learned Dr. Thomas Browne, author of the "Religio Medici," lingered, as it lingers yet, about the old cathedral city. Such influences had their effect on the education of the brother and sister.

From Norwich Grammar School James went, at the age of fourteen, "a sallow stripling of shy and sensitive temperament," to the school of Dr. Lant Carpenter at Bristol, father of Mary Carpenter, who, aged twelve, was one of the pupils. He was there two or three years. The discipline of the household, he says, "its early rising, its neatness, its courtesy, its golden estimate of moments, acted forcibly" upon him, while he and the other pupils were made to feel that the master's authority was not, "as in the vulgar school-boy notion, against, but above" them. Then he served for two years as an engineer. But in 1823 religious experience turned him, as he afterwards said, "from an engineer into an evangelist," and he entered the theological course at Manchester College, York.

2.—Disciple of Priestley.

From Dr. Carpenter and the leading Unitarians, as well as from his mechanical studies, he carried the ideas of Necessarianism into his theology, and soon became "steeped in that mode of thought." The philosophy of Necessarianism, as propounded by Priestley and the 18th century thinkers, may be regarded as the outcome partly of the Calvinistic doctrine of Predestination, partly of the new interest in physical science. Recognising the Will of God and the reign of Law in the outward universe, its advocates declared that man also, in every thought, impulse and action, was absolutely conditioned. They maintained that man's inward life was also an object in nature, a highly and delicately wrought object like a rock or a tree, and in consequence denied free will and the immateriality of the soul. Priestley argued that mind was a subtle form of matter, and he based his belief in a future life on the miracle of the bodily resurrection of Jesus. Young

Martineau entered eagerly into these views, and we find him, on his return to Norwich after his first session at York, impressing them upon his sister. On the conclusion of his college course in June, 1827, he went for a twelvemonth as assistant to his old master, Dr. Carpenter.



DR. MARTINEAU.

Next year he accepted a call to be junior minister at Eustace Street Chapel, Dublin, where he was soon active to "Unitarianise," as he afterwards said regretfully, the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian congregations of Ireland. He was one of the founders, and the first secretary, of the "Irish Unitarian Christian Society," and in a sermon before the Synod of Munster at Cork, in July of the same year, he pleaded for theological discussion, urging that it was the duty of every Christian "to make an open, undisguised statement of his opinions and of the evidence which satisfied him of their truth." This sermon was reviewed by W. J. Fox in his "Monthly Depository," who said: "It makes our hearts glow with a delightful hope of the good to be accomplished by its author in the future years of his ministerial labours, which we pray may be very many. It is evidently not a laboured composition, but it indicates qualities of mind and heart which are a rich promise for futurity." In 1831, when he was promoted from the junior post at Eustace Street, he felt strong conscientious objections to receiving, as part of his salary, the Government grant of *Regium Donum*. Fox printed his letter to his congregation on the subject, in which he said he would not benefit from a public fund which did not contribute to *all* denominations, nor could he take State-pay without performing State-duties. He therefore resigned, and next year became junior minister in Paradise Street Chapel, Liverpool. It is worth remembering in this connection that it was Fox who urged his sister Harriet to write, and who first discovered the genius of Robert Browning, whose "Paracelsus" he praised in the "Depository" for November, 1835.

3.—Disciple of Channing.

The thirties were a very remarkable decade,

one of the noblest of the century. The terrible conservative reaction which had immediately preceded and followed Waterloo, at length spent itself, and the forces of progress once more became energetic. The Reform Bill, Catholic Emancipation, Abolition of Colonial Slavery, Railway Extension, Chartist tumults, the Anti-Corn Law League, Poor Law Reform, Tractarianism, and Father Mathew's Temperance Crusade were signs of the new spirit. Elliott began "Corn Law Rhymes" in 1831, Harriet Martineau "Illustrations of Political Economy" in 1832, Pusey, Keble, and Newman "Tracts for the Times" in 1834. Tennyson and Browning made their first ventures in 1833 and 1835. Carlyle produced "Sartor" in 1833, Disraeli "The Revolutionary Epic" in 1834, Emerson "Nature" in 1836, Carlyle "The French Revolution" in 1837, Dickens "Oliver Twist" and Emerson his famous "Address to the Divinity Class at Cambridge," U.S.A., in 1838. And from time to time during these years appeared the glowing discourses and essays of Channing. This literature was the utterance of a new conscience in the community, a new kindness, a new sense of the soul, a new hopefulness. There was a clearing in the air, a rising above the physical, a reaching forward to better things, a new consciousness of power and possibility. Martineau, though not all at once, felt the change. In 1833, when the first volume of Priestley's collected works came out, he contributed an appreciative article in the "Depository," wherein was no departure from the Necessarian philosophy. But in his "Rationale of Religious Inquiry," 1836, there is a new point of view, and the syllabus of his lectures as philosophical tutor at Manchester College in 1841 shewed to his friend John Stuart Mill tendencies of thought which he himself had scarcely realised. Mill's influence had preserved his confidence in Necessarianism longer than his misgivings would otherwise have allowed, but at last he recognised that the great inward facts of life, such as duty, sin, will, merit, responsibility, remorse, on which Channing insisted with passionate emphasis, could not be explained, as by Mill, in terms of anything lower. These facts spoke out in Martineau, as they were speaking out all over England and America, clearly and forcibly, and involved his complete abandonment of the materialistic theology. The first sermon in Channing's "Perfect Life" marks the new "Unitarianism" — which term was unhappily extended to include the new principles. Such sentences as "The handwriting of the Divinity is in the soul," "There is in human nature an affinity with what is mighty, an awful delight in what is sublime," "The spontaneous longing of the human spirit (is) to rise above itself," and many others, indicate the immense advance beyond Priestley. Thus Coleridge, who began as a Unitarian, but afterwards, in spite of his admiration for Priestley's fearless Radicalism, under the influence of Wordsworth and the German metaphysicians, turned away from Unitarian teaching, could nevertheless say of Channing, "the differences between him and myself are not only not real, but the same truth in different relations." As a disciple of Channing, Martineau produced his fine sermons "Endeavours after the Christian Life," published in 1843.

4.—The Miraculous.

Channing died in 1842, when a new development was beginning to manifest itself. In July, 1840, he wrote to Miss Aikin: "Will you tell me what place Carlyle holds among you—whether he influences opinion? We have some signs among us of a 'Transcendental School,' as it is called, that is, we have some noble-minded men, chiefly young, who are dissatisfied with the present, have thrown off all tradition, and talk of deriving all truth from their own souls. . . . One discussion has risen out of this movement respecting the place which miracles hold in Christianity. . . . A greater question will be, what was the inspiration of Christ?" Carlyle was in revolt against Necessarianism and the kindred Utilitarianism of Jeremy Bentham and others. Utility he declared a base substitute for righteousness; the physical was but the surface of the unfathomable secrets of existence; all about us were infinities and immensities; the world itself and human life were the real miracles; nothing, properly understood, was secular; religion was the only reason and could not be limited to the surplice and prayer-book. Such ideas were welcomed in Boston by Channing's

followers, Emerson and Theodore Parker. Channing, by dwelling on the religious element in man and treating Christianity as the true interpretation of the soul, had prepared for them, and though he always had a place for the miraculous in his theology, he wrote, when hard things were being said of Parker, "Give him my love, and tell him to preach what he thoroughly believes and feels." In 1844 Parker, passing through Liverpool, found a sympathiser in Martineau, preached for him, sent him, on his return, his "Discourse on matters pertaining to Religion," and received a letter of thanks, and the friendly greeting "I am almost angry with you for supposing I need any answer to the scoffing accusation brought against you." Martineau, as well as Parker, suffered at the hands of Unitarians. In 1845 his sermon "The Bible and the Child" greatly "discomposed most Unitarian ministers." He pleaded for the giving of only the best in the Bible to children, pointing out the different and antagonistic moral levels of Moses, Solomon, and Christ. His critical study of the Scriptures about this time let him to alter his views of the person and ministry of Jesus. A second volume of the "Endeavours," promised in 1843, was to deal with the life of Jesus, but when the book appeared in 1847 the intention was not fulfilled and his hope of treating the subject receded, he said, into the distance. This and other problems needed leisure which did not come until 1848 when, on the building of his new church in Hope Street, he went abroad for fifteen months. An observation in his sermon before his departure goes to the root of his thinking at this and all future periods of his career. It is "There is scarcely a truth which impresses me more deeply than this, that *Infinitude attaches not merely to quantities like Space and Time, but to qualities as Beauty and Sanctity.*" The working out of this primary spiritual truth, commenced under Trendelenburg in Berlin, and carried on in the chair of philosophy at Manchester New College, as the College was renamed on its removal to London in 1853, led ultimately to his great treatise "The Types of Ethical Theory." John James Tayler, principal of the college, in a letter expressing utter distaste and alienation from Priestley's theology, said "I cannot but think that a true religious philosophy is a work yet to be accomplished, and that whenever it is, it must take up and assume as its basis the universal truths, the indestructible religious instincts of the soul of man." On the building up of such a system his younger and brilliant colleague was then engaged. Emerson, whose intuitions were often as fine as Martineau's, and in social problems far finer, was no dialectician. "I delight," he said, "in telling what I think; but if you ask *why* it is so, I am the most helpless of mortal men." He saw the truths of the soul, but he could not rationalize them, could not weave them into a logical and comprehensive theory. This was reserved for Martineau, who combined with deep spiritual perception a rare power of synthesis.

5.—Evolution.

In 1858 Martineau began his ministry in Little Portland Street Chapel. Next year Darwin published the "Origin of Species." The doctrine of Evolution, discredited until then even by Huxley, immediately came to the front and affected all thought. It seemed infinitely disturbing to orthodoxy. It struck a heavy blow at the Biblical narrative of creation and the fall of man, and at the miraculous generally. It confirmed the arguments of Martineau and the Transcendentalists. They welcomed the idea of development—of tendency, of method, of incessant creative thought. It widened immeasurably the field of God's action and made His presence more living and impressive. Nevertheless, as advocated in many quarters, it threw Martineau into an attitude of criticism and even of hostility. It revived Necessarianism, and encouraged materialistic opinions against which he set himself in uncompromising opposition. He objected to the way in which many evolutionists distorted human nature to satisfy their particular theory of development. Follow the rise of man, he would say, if you can, from humble origins, but take care that it is *man* you ultimately arrive at —that is, a spiritual being with will, personality, conscience, soul, and not a psychological fiction devoid of the very qualities which make him man. Do not reduce him to an automaton to suit your idea of his descent.

Show, by all means, the steps of his progress to what he is—a being with reason, power over circumstances, love, infinite aims and capacities; but if you cannot explain how such a creature came to be, do not say that these high qualities, in which alone consists his humanity, are flattering illusions. He accepted the belief that "life first appeared in plant form on this globe, and was followed by sentient types, passing by innumerable gradations from the most simple in organism and function to the present nature of man;" but he refused to believe that life was derived from the lifeless, feeling from unfeeling, thought from unthought, the moral from the unmoral, responsible and self-directing personality from the automatic. These different elements might have appeared, he argued, at successive stages of creation, but the higher were not mere complex elaborations of the lower. They were derived not from the material universe, which is below man, but from the spiritual universe, which is above him. Hence as a preacher and a reviewer, Martineau became a recognised champion of spiritual faith against Agnosticism; and on this ground he failed to obtain the professorship of mental and moral science at University College, though his qualifications as a teacher and a scholar easily placed him first. But he gained fame. He attracted remarkable congregations to his chapel, which sometimes included the ablest thinkers of the time. I can remember my veneration as a small boy for the white heads and grave faces which made the service at Little Portland Street so solemn. At the gatherings of the "Metaphysical Society," which he helped to found on the 21st April, 1869—his 64th birthday—he met such men as Tyndall, Huxley, Argyll, Lubbock, the Newmans, Manning, Stanley, Gladstone, Seely, and Tennyson, and took a leading part in the discussions. Tennyson, who wrote "The Higher Pantheism" for the inaugural meeting of the "Metaphysical," felt such admiration for Martineau as frequently to declare that he was "by far the greatest among us;" and Martinean's influence on Tennyson's later verse is, I think, unmistakable. I do not refer merely to his metaphysical and speculative poems, but to the later "Idylls," beginning with the "Coming of Arthur" in 1870, which are a poetical expression of Martineau's reiterated theme of the supernatural and divine contents of conscience.

6.—Free Christianity.

But while Dr. Martineau—as he became by the conferring upon him of the degree of LL.D. by Harvard in 1872—gained such influence that religious denominations were eager to claim him, and Dean Stanley said "What would I not give that Martineau belonged to the Church!" his efforts to rally and organise the small group of churches to which he by inheritance belonged were singularly ineffective. He always called himself a Unitarian, but he would not join nor be minister of a Unitarian Church. The distinction to him was fundamental. In Dublin, Liverpool, and London he had been proud to minister in *free* churches, where neither he nor the congregation were required to subscribe to any particular form of Christianity, and though he and his people in each place had been predominantly Unitarian, they jealously refrained from labelling the church with this doctrinal name. No theology was final, he urged, and no theology was so important as the religious life of worship and service, and he sought, therefore, to unite the Non-Subscribing Churches of the country on the broad principle of the Worship and Service of God without insistence on the adoption of particular doctrinal conclusions. He started a Free Christian Union, and, later, drew up an elaborate scheme for an "English Presbyterian Church"; but they failed, and it has been one of the sorest troubles of his life to see the churches with open-trusts, many of them with ancient Catholic and unsectarian traditions, associating themselves together under the Unitarian name. Yet in fairness to these churches it must be acknowledged that it was not altogether due to their doctrinal spirit. Dr. Martineau lacked popular sympathies. He was too academical, too ornate, for the multitude. His writing and oratory were so laden with metaphors and figures of speech that they dazzled rather than enlightened or persuaded the general mind. Everybody revered him, but if he had been more homely and direct in speech, and more democratic in feeling, they would have understood him and followed him.

7.—Collectivism.

At college our reverence for the great teacher was unbounded. No young man who ever came in any degree under the spell of his influence can forget it. His tall, elastic figure swiftly walking across the square, or lightly mounting the steps at University Hall, his quiet musical voice as he read his lecture, interrupted by an occasional cough when he could not at once read his shorthand, his dry, quick laugh, with the head thrown energetically backward, the calm, tender eyes, not untouched with melancholy, which looked out from his thought-furrowed face, his addresses at the debating society or devotional meetings, and his solemn words of prayer, are in our memories, associated with our highest student aspirations, and telling us that we have known one of the saints of the earth. Yet it was not easy to enter into his meaning. We were sometimes a good deal perplexed, and not unfrequently his attitude on social questions filled us with painful surprise. His political economy was as antiquated as Malthus and Ricardo. He seemed almost unaffected by the strong collective movement of the eighties. The terrible social injustices which were then coming to light and filling thoughtful people with dismay, were either little felt by him, or in his judgment were irremediable. At any rate, he threw little light on the problems of civilisation which, to some of us, were the chief difficulties in the theological interpretation of the universe. In his fine book, "A Study of Religion," which he gave to us in lectures, and later in "The Seat of Authority in Religion" he demonstrates powerfully the presence of God in Nature, in humanity, and in history; but he does not show, nor attempt to show, the Divine hand in human institutions. It is useless to conceal the fact that under Dr. Martineau's leadership our churches have suffered for the want of a prophetic voice on just these matters. Priestley, Channing, and Theodore Parker suffered for their attacks on social evil, and Emerson spoke out like a trumpet. "We think our civilization near its meridian," said the last, "but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning-star. In our barbarous society the influence of character is in its infancy. . . . The power of love as the basis of a State, has never been tried. . . . Fear is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised." Our congregations were once more or less alive to this, and were in the forefront of the battle for civil and religious liberty. Now, too many are on the side of timidity, property, and the big battalions.

8.—Whitherward?

But, rightly interpreted, a philosophy that teaches the divine in all souls, that reveals the authority for good in every heart and conscience, and proclaims in a new and deep sense the Fatherhood of God to all men and women, is essentially democratic and republican. It is the recognition of universal rights and sacred obligations, compared with which the rights and obligations of possession, blood, race, rank, and education are altogether secondary. The religious future is with those who feel and utter this and make great sacrifices for it. But in order to do this something further is required. *We want a new conception of God the Father Himself.* We have discovered that we are children of the Highest; but what is He? Not a benevolent Being who has put us here on probation, and calls us from the height of His superiority to overcome evil which baffles our thought, but a Being who is Himself at the heart of all this groaning world, *of* it and *in* it and *agonizing for it*, a supreme and infinite Hero who summons us to work and triumph with Him, and dying, as it were, with Him, to rise again perpetually to higher life. A God who does not Himself suffer is not the God of this creation, nor can He command the enthusiastic devotion of men. To make self-sacrifices we must worship Infinite Self-sacrifice.

And now it only remains to say, Thank God! for the great and dear teacher who has led us in sight of these truths. The world is more beautiful, duty is more sacred, and God's presence is more sure because of what he has shown to us; and the future of the human

race is brighter because, though in his face was sadness, he has sent us forward to where a new heaven and a new earth are visible.

Dr. Martineau.

AN APPRECIATION BY HENRY GOW, B.A.

Dr. Martineau's death removes from us one of the most beautiful and powerful religious personalities that this world has seen for many years. The first feeling for us all must be a sense of loss and loneliness. As I think of the removal of this great mind, with all its gathered wisdom and experience, by death, I feel the force and truth of Dr. Martineau's own words, "I do not know that there is anything in nature which can be compared in wastefulness with the extinction of great minds; their gathered resources, their matured skill, their luminous insight, their unfailing tact, are not like instincts which can be handed down: they are absolutely personal and inalienable: grand conditions of future power, unavailable for the race, and perfect for an ulterior growth of the individual. If that growth is not to be, the most brilliant genius bursts and vanishes as a firework in the night." It is such men as he who by their lives and thoughts make us most certain that death is not extinction, but a fuller freedom and a clearer light. He has left us much in books to prove the doctrine of immortality, but, above all things, he has left us the memory of himself, which makes those who knew and loved him feel that it is true.

And yet we cannot help grieving that the wisest and the best of the old must go. Those who have learnt so much by suffering and thought and love, those who stand upon the eminence of years and could tell us so many things and guide us so well, they must pass away and leave us to learn our lessons for ourselves, to fall, to wander, to press on alone. Each generation must, in a sense, begin again. Again the boys must learn their lessons; again young men and women will be rash and heedless and full of wayward impulses; again grown men and women must learn, through mistakes and suffering and toil and love, slowly to feel the deep inexhaustible meaning of life, and the responsibility laid on them by God. Our greatest living teacher, in whose presence there was such inspiration, in whose mind there was such wisdom, is gone from us, and we feel we have lost a saint, a prophet, and a friend.

I cannot attempt any elaborate account of what we and the English nation owe to Dr. Martineau, but I should like to try and express some idea of what he did and was. That the religious life of our nation owes him very much is clearly recognised. Men as different in faith and type of character as the late Mr. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, and John Stuart Mill, and Cardinal Newman, and Mr. Gladstone, and Dr. Caird have felt him to be a great religious power. It is not easy for a minister of our small group of churches to gain national recognition. Only three or four at most in the 19th century have achieved it, and no one of them has done so to at all the same extent as Dr. Martineau. It is comparatively easy to gain large hearing as an agnostic or as an orthodox teacher, but a minister of our churches is for the most part ignored by both. Dr. Martineau, by the sheer strength of his thought, and the power of his spiritual insight has won a unique place for himself, and is looked up to universally as a leader and inspirer of the religious life of our time. In many a country vicarage, in many an evangelical home, by men of the most various creeds, his sermons are read and re-read with loving gratitude. His work has been for the most part of an affirmative and positive kind. He did not shrink from controversy when he felt it necessary, but the prevailing impression he has made on religious thought and life is that of a man who believed with all his soul in God and goodness, and who was able to express that faith in a rational system of thought. Sharing on the one hand the Agnostic's belief in science and delight in its broadening dominion and in the splendid triumphs it has won; sharing on the other hand the passionate conviction of the orthodox, that God is the supreme fact of life; sharing his piety and trust, delighting in the thoughts of Augustine and Thomas-a-Kempis and the most spiritually minded of every age, he almost alone in our time has been able to speak alike to agnostics and orthodox Christians in a language which both

can understand. The scientific materialists, whether they agreed with him or not, felt that he met them on their own ground. His arguments might not convince them, but they had to be reckoned with. His system was as severely rational as their own. He called in no disputed and extraneous authority of Bible or Church to assist him. He reasoned as they did on the universally recognised facts of existence. I venture to think that the underlying religiousness of much agnosticism to-day is largely due to Dr. Martineau's influence. Most carefully I would guard against exaggerating his power because he belonged to us, but it was not one of ourselves, but Mr. R. H. Hutton, a loyal Churchman, and one of the wisest of modern critics, who said of Dr. Martineau that he was the greatest English religious thinker since Bishop Butler died. And while he thus defended religion against the attacks of the materialists—who were so strong and confident thirty years ago—his influence upon the orthodox has been no less deep. He has shown them that real religion is deeper than the creeds. There was never any doubt about the doctrines he denied and the doctrines which he held. He denied many which the Church thought most important: he held some which were hateful to them. Only a few years ago he published a book upon the Bible full of the most daring criticism, striking at the roots of the evangelical faith so far as it relies on the authority of Holy Writ. It could not but be an object of dislike to them. And yet no one, however orthodox, could doubt that Dr. Martineau's love for God was as strong and devoted as his own. He made men of different creeds realise what is very difficult for those whose doctrines are extremely clear and firmly held, that religion is deeper than doctrine, and his influence upon orthodoxy has produced a more catholic sympathy.

But while his influence on our national religious life has been both far-reaching and deep, we cannot forget his supreme influence on our own churches. It was our pride and our joy that he belonged to us, and the thought helped to raise us often out of sectarian littleness and provincial ways. He was of us, or rather we were of him: he has impressed himself on our thought and life as no other living man has done for the past two centuries. The form of our theology, our ethics, our ideals, whether we know it or not, are largely derived by us from him. You may have read little or nothing of any of his books, and yet your thought has been influenced by him. There is not a minister in any of our churches who has not learnt much from his teaching. Those who stood nearest to him and felt the full power of his thought are becoming old men now. Religious thought grows and developes like all other things, and some of the younger men are impressed more deeply by later teachers, and are less immediately influenced by Dr. Martineau. He would have been the last to wish it otherwise. But whether the influence be mediate through others or immediate from himself, it still remains true that we in our thought of God, our thought of Jesus and our ideal of duty, owe far more to him than to any other thinker of our time.

Those of us who were his pupils owe him much more than this. Our faith in God and our faith in human nature were deepened by knowing him. It is good to remember his tones, his face, his words. It is an influence which helps us never to lose faith in the greatness of mankind. For those of us who so knew and loved and reverenced him, there are no words so literally and entirely true as those in which Matthew Arnold wrote of his father,

> "And through thee I believe
> In the noble and great who have gone:
> Pure souls, honoured and blest
> By former ages, who else
> Seemed but a dream of the heart,
> Seemed but a cry of desire."

Midland Churches. *

Mr. Geo. Eyre Evans has profitably occupied his leisure in completing his researches into the history of our Midland Churches, and the result is the handsome volume now given to the public. Most of the papers appeared first of all in the *Seed Sower*, but they have been corrected and considerably enlarged by subsequent labours. Mr. Evans has brought together a great mass of interesting information with regard to our chapels and their ministers, and having arranged it in clear and easily accessible order, his book should become the standing reference and authority on all such matters. Great pains have been taken to secure accuracy, and Mr. Evans is to be congratulated on the successful termination of an important bit of work. The book is excellently got up, and should be in every Chapel Library. We believe copies can only be obtained from Mr. Evans, Aberystwith.

* "*Midland Churches*," *a History of the Congregations on the Roll of the Midland Christian Union, with Plates, etc., by George Eyre Evans. Price 21s. nett.*

Dr. Martineau:—Recollections and Impressions.

BY HIS LAST SENIOR STUDENT.

Asked by the Editor for personal reminiscences of Dr. Martineau, I recall a few memories, which have no value in themselves except as they suggest impressions which he made on one of his students. His last five years at Manchester College were also the years of my college course; moreover, it fell to my lot to be his last senior student prior to his retirement.

Like most other new students, I suppose, I looked forward with some trepidation to first meeting the great man, for he was held in utterest reverence in my father's house, and our volumes of the "Endeavours" were well marked and even indexed by admiring readers. But the cordial welcome he gave me put to flight my timidity, and never once did he keep his students at a distance. And what a discovery it afterwards was that his dreaded aloofness was due to his own shyness!

The only other absurd fear which I remember was caused by my first invitation to his "At Home" ("Perpendiculars," I am afraid we called them), for were not the great and mighty gathered together at that house in Gordon Square! But there was welcome and conversation for the humblest junior as for the chief celebrity there; there could not be a hospitality more friendly, or a courtesy more sincere.

DR. MARTINEAU (1837)
(From an Engraving in Hope Street Chapel, Liverpool). Published the "Rationale of Religious Enquiry," 1837.

The morning prayers and the monthly debates were ever recurrent revelations, in the one case of his humble devoutness; in the other of his commanding presence. To hear him pour out his soul in a fervour of aspiration, kneeling with a handful of students in an upper room, was one of those sacred experiences to be cherished, rather than described; it made attendance at prayers not a ceremony, but a consecration of the day.

As President of the Debates he always spoke last, and it was a disappointment to me at first that he did not sum up the opposing arguments with judicial neutrality, but instead give his own strong opinion on one side or other of the question. One came, however, to realise soon that the concluding speech from him was the true anticipation of the evening, and worth all our grandiloquent disputation. That it affected the voting goes without saying, and that he did not always sympathise with democratic views sometimes ruffled my radical feelings; but my

present surprise is not so much at his aristocratic and individualistic leanings as at his generous patience with our bold immaturities, and his ceaseless consideration for others. On one occasion when I had to open the discussion, and had written to learn whether the date would suit his return from The Polchar, in November, he replied that it was unfortunate I had fixed on the day of Gunpowder Plot, as there might be more noise behind the hall than would be agreeable, and less quiet in the streets than the more distant lady member might like to encounter. The lady member, I hope, came off all right, but a hall student turned out the light in the middle of the debate, and we made him apologise for it.

To have one's scheme or sermon criticised by him was indeed an education, especially if done in his own home. His public comment was usually brief and lenient, as "too encyclopædic," or "a little lugubrious, I think," but in private, he would quietly and closely examine your argument, point out its defect, and then throw floods of light on your poor attempt. If we still preach loose sermons, the fault is not his.

Of Dr. Martineau's system, precision, and attention to the smallest details I have many reminders; in his careful instructions, for instance, regarding preaching arrangements, even down to trains and railway fares; or, in his suggestions concerning the little congregation at Godalming, of which I was allowed to have charge in my fourth session, that in bequeathing the office to another, I should convey to him my impressions of the people, and of any modes of operation, or of address, which might best meet their spiritual needs—and all expressed in the very neatest and kindest of letters, which can only be compared to those of Mr. Gaskell, his fellow student at York.

This prompt and sympathetic conduct of apparently light affairs, he must, I think, have learnt at Dr. Carpenter's, along with much weightier matters, for he considered him the model of neatness, courtesy, and the golden estimate of moments; whereas, the exactness of speech and literary finish, which characterised even ordinary letters, must have been learnt from Professor Kenrick, at York, from whose classes he carried "a standard of philological accuracy, of historic justice, and of literary taste" which directed his writings ever afterwards.

The year of Dr. Martineau's retirement, I shall never forget, partly because I could not help feeling sentimental about it, partly because it did not pass without more than one affecting incident. On the morning of his eightieth birthday, I took over to his house before breakfast a letter bearing the signature of each student in order, assuring him of our heartfelt love and high esteem, and wishing him the well-earned leisure of many years in which to complete and publish his lecture courses. If I permit myself to quote his reply, in part, it is because it bears witness to the deep tenderness of heart which lay behind his brilliant intellect.

Of all the greetings and good wishes which I have received this day, none have more deeply touched me than yours; and to you first must I render thanks for your generous and affectionate words. For more years than I need count, my relation to you and your predecessors has been unspeakably close to my conscience and my heart; and to sustain it faithfully has been the chief desire and prayer of my life. . . . . I can honestly say that if I have loved my work much, I have loved my pupils more; and in retiring from the field, not without a touch of evening sadness, no such heartfelt consolation can be given me as the assurance that that love is reciprocated.

I pray you to accept my affectionate thanks for giving me this consolation, and to

Believe me, to the last,
Your attached and faithful friend,
JAMES MARTINEAU.

Mr. Freeston and the
other Students of
Manchester New College.

Some of us wished that, ere Dr. Martineau left the College, he should be asked to address us at a purely private service, and he yielded to our wish. I have gone back in remembrance many times to that simple service and those farewell words, as indeed must each of us who was present that night, but I cannot further speak of it.

Of the public banquet given to him about this time I find no mention in the obituary notices, but it was a memorable occasion, and the scene of one of his greatest speeches. It was here that he spoke of his forty-five years' professional career as "talking to a few boys in a corner," as I have reason to remember, for upon me was laid the honour of representing the boys in the corner, of testifying that our proudest memory would be that we were the

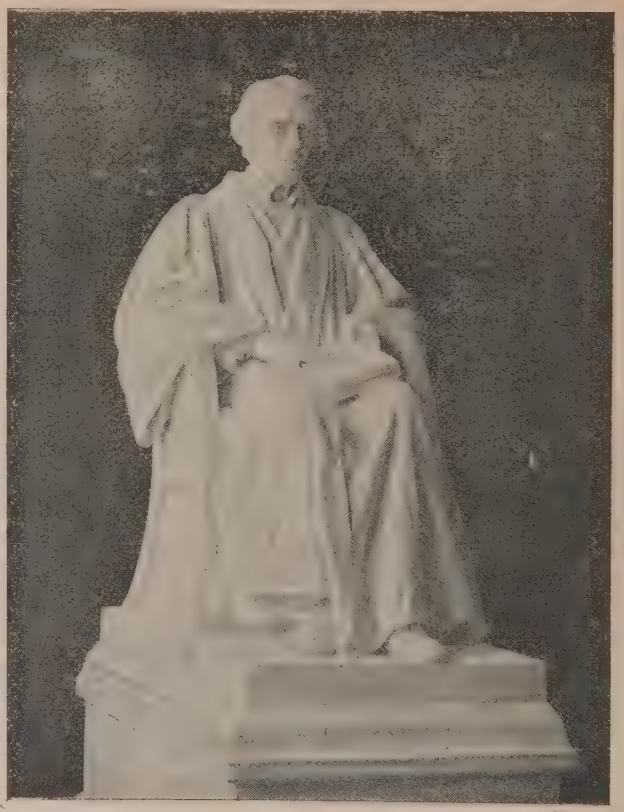
last to occupy so privileged a place, and of prophesying that, when his books were published, our teacher would talk in the corner no more.

And now that his splendid service to Thought and Faith *has* been recognised by the Universities, and *is* acknowledged in all quarters, a humbling sense remains of the sacrifice he made to the students who were not all worthy of him, and the churches which have not all followed him. The undertone of sadness which increased in his latest years was largely due to the consciousness that his Catholic ideals had "ceased to meet with any response beyond a little unmeaning lip homage" They are destined to prevail, nevertheless; and we can show no truer loyalty to his memory than to press them forward continually, even unto victory.

Of all that he was to us, still less of what he was in himself, these detached recollections of college days give but the faintest and feeblest hints. But he was held in such intimate and affectionate reverence that all words of praise would seem formal and meaningless, and there are some deep things which claim the refuge of silence.

Farewell, dear honoured teacher! We think of your dignified figure and face, of the soul that looked through your thoughtful eyes and spoke through your faithful lips, of the high conscientiousness that marked all your ways and made us ashamed of our own poor lives, of the spiritual repose which laid its spell upon us and made us love the highest. You brought God nearer to us, and have left his message in our hearts.

FRANK K. FREESTON.



MARBLE STATUE OF
DR. JAMES MARTINEAU.
Unveiled at Manchester College, Oxford, October 18th, 1898.

The Religious Philosophy of Dr. Martineau.

BY L. P. JACKS, M.A.

I propose in this article to give a brief outline of the main features of Dr. Martineau's teaching in regard to the first truths of Theology.

One school of thinkers affirms that the human mind cannot know God. All we can know is the external world and our own minds, and these we can apprehend only as "appearances." Our experience is a show passing before the eye. The world is a vision, a phantasm, a set of phenomena issuing we know not whence, and passing away we know not whither. We behold these appearances, observe the regularity of their coming, classify their characters, study their laws—and that is the sum of human knowledge. Among these appearances God is not, and since he does not appear we have no right to say that he is.

True, Martineau answers, the world is a vision of appearances. *But what makes these*

appearances to appear? Why out of the darkness and silence of eternity should this vision of a universe unveil itself, or why should it gradually evolve? Why should there be souls to behold these phenomena and to study their laws? Picture yourself at sea in the darkness of the night. Suddenly in the far distance you see a flash and hear the booming of a cannon. The mind demands an explanation: you want to know who fired the shot and why. So the vision of the world arises out of the darkness of eternity and passes before the eye. "Appearances only" you say. But who or what makes them appear? By a mental necessity which allows of no evasion you demand *the cause.* The constitution of our minds, in virtue of which we are alone able to think of these matters, insists that a cause is there.

But, it may be answered, a cause merely assumed by the reason as a logical necessity has not the reality of what we see with our eyes. Seeing is believing. A mere logical necessity is an unsubstantial thing, and if God is nothing more than this He need not occupy our thoughts.

But can we thus afford to neglect mere intellectual necessities? What else is the multiplication table? Is that to be expelled from thought as unreal, merely because its truths are "intellectual?" And does not history suggest that the nation which forgets God is in much the same case as the merchant who neglects arithmetic?

Granting, then, that we must assume some kind of cause for the "appearance" of the world, of *what* kind shall we judge that Cause to be? The materialist answers "matter and force." Analyse the world, and you find that its constituents are dead matter, and its changes the product of blind force. This conclusion holds whether it be human brains you are analysing or stones from the river-bed. The matter can be weighed, the force can be measured, and then—what more is to be said?

This, Martineau admits, is true as far as it goes, but does not go far enough. Let us reduce all causes to force—for matter itself is perhaps nothing but "points of force." But what is this "force" about which the materialist talks so glibly. It is the fashion to regard force as a thing so self-evident and simple in its nature as to need no further explanation. But a moment's reflection reveals an unsuspected depth of meaning in the word. The only key we have to that meaning lies within ourselves. It is the experience we have in the putting forth of energy. By psychological reasoning, the full process of which I cannot here retrace, Martineau concludes that force is nothing else than the push and energy of a living will. All force is alive; all Causation is personal. And there can be but One Will, not many, as the source whence this Causation issues. It is known experimentally that all forms of force — meehanical, chemical, vital, heat, light, electricity, and any other—are but different manifestations of one original, undivided energy. Since all force is will, this suggests to us that there is but One Will in Nature. God is One.

What, then, is the character of this One Will? Is it a blind, unintelligent striving and straining after it knows not what? This is what Schopenhauer taught. To him it seemed that the Will behind Nature worked without a conscious purpose. But, according to Martineau, the world bears marks which point to the opposite conclusion. The universe is not a mere heaping together of mountains of matter, and the mere pouring forth of oceans of force. The world bears no resemblence to a heap of rubbish. It is an ordered system. Every least thing in the universe is fitted into its place; everything is connected with everything else; everything that happens has behind it a reason why it must happen so, and not otherwise. The world is a tissue of "reciprocal relationships," like a work woven upon a loom. It has unity, and it has consistency, and the more science studies its phenomena the more absolute does the unity appear, the more pervading the consistency. Now these are sure marks of intelligence. Where there is unity and consistency of arrangement, there is mind. Schopenhauer's theory of a blind Will would be true only in a disorderly, unorganised world. The world in which we live is uniform. The uniformity of Nature is the great discovery of physical science. In this way Martineau carries over the teaching of science to the side of theology.

But in this vast ordered universe there is one possible exception of disorder. That exception

resides in man. While all other parts and elements of the world are fitted into their place, and compelled into harmony with the rest, man has it within his power to create a discord if he will. Unlike the rest of Nature (for he is a part of Nature), man has this option. In other words, he is free to choose between harmony and discord with the *order* of the world. But in face of this great alternative, he is not left without a guide.

His nature is provided with an indicator, speaking in tones of authority, whereby he is commanded and directed in his choice. That is the conscience, an inward revelation of the sanctity of right, which can by no means be resolved into anything lower or less than itself. Even as our minds are so constituted as to know intuitively when one thing is *larger* than another, so they perceive intuitively when one course of action is *better* than another. As we know difference of *size* among objects, we know difference of *work* among motives. For a moral act it is necessary that alternative courses of action should be open to us. These being present, conscience is immediately aware of their relative value in the scales of right, and at the same moment feels it an obligation, nay a command, to choose the higher of the two. Nor is that all. Not only do we perceive that we *ought* to choose the higher, but we have a conviction, which cannot be taken away from us, that we *can* do so. In other words, we have an innate and necessary belief in the freedom of our wills, which belief is valid against all scepticism. Thus the power which connects all parts of the world into one ordered system, has provided man with a moral faculty, by obedience to which he, too, may enter into the great harmony of the universe. That moral faculty is the most intimate meeting point between the will of God and the will of man. It is there that we have a warrant of our sonship to the Eternal: it is there that we enjoy that personal relationship with a higher than we, which is the essence of all religion. And herein is revealed to us the great truth that the power behind Nature is righteousness as well as life.

This is Martinean's account of the conscience. It constitutes his teaching on Ethical Theism. In marked contrast to it stands that Utilitarian theory, so much in vogue during the second and third quarters of the century. This, together with the reasons for rejecting it, the inquiring reader will find fully treated in Martineau's "Types of Ethical Theory." He has exposed once and for all the fallacy of those who hold that the moral impulses of our nature originate from the instincts of a prudent selfishness. The sense of obligation is a thing *sui generis*, and can never be explained as a growth or outcome from lower elements. The theories which so derive it succeed so far as to prove that right is advantageous either to the doer, or to someone else, but they fail because they do not explain the conviction in us that *right ought to be done*, which is the gist of the whole matter. That conviction in us is the pressure of a Will beyond our own. It is a command written on the soul.

To obey that command, reverently and lovingly, is Martineau's answer to the question "how to live." The conviction that we *ought* to follow the highest is the master-clue to life, by following which we are impregnably safe among the dangers and perplexities of life. It is also the secret of the development of the soul. As we follow the clue our natures deepen and expand, our seeing becomes clearer, our insight into moral questions surer; our ethical power increases, and little by little we advance into realms of light, where we stand face to face with those realities of the spiritual world which at first we only knew as by the hearing of the ear. Martineau explains all religious experience, in whatsoever quarter it may be manifest, as the fruit of the inward surrender of the human will to the divine. In Christ especially he recognises one in whom the obstructions and weakness of the human will had been overcome and perfect harmony attained between man and God. Christ is, therefore, what all men may become, a perfect son of God by the spirit of obedience—which is our destiny and calling. And being thus in harmony with the Divine—Christ speaks with authority and not as the Scribes—his words transcribe the Will of God by reason of that perfect accord between his Father and himself.

Holding these views, Martineau does not feel the need of any further revelation. The supreme revelation is in the moral experience of

man—the supreme authority is the conscience whence that experience proceeds. To him who feels that revelation as insufficient this is the counsel that Martineau would give—that he should seek to make it clearer and fuller by the increased obedience and self-surrender of his life. Let him not fill out the deficiency by recourse to Church, Creed, Book, or Miraculous system; for whatever authority these possess comes originally from the moral experience of man, which experience each man may attain for himself. Martineau's teaching might thus be summed up in the saying of the Fourth Gospel, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself."

Types of Service.

II.—THE PHYSICIAN.

"Honour a physician," says the writer of the Book Ecclesiasticus, and his references to sickness, and its remedies, are so numerous that it is thought he must himself have practised the art of healing.

In its struggle to become an art, the art of medicine has been held back, now by the apathy of superstition—obscure diseases being regarded as visitations beyond human treatment—and now by its activity—the same diseases being at other times regarded as curable by magic and sorcery. It is said that even Christianity at one time did much to discourage surgical science, the study of anatomy by dissection being regarded as profane. From all these restraints the art of healing has shaken itself free, and the physician and the surgeon are held in honour, partly because civilization has set an increased value on human life, but more because works of mercy have now a religious value which they never had in the ancient world. "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." Words like these set a new stamp on the treatment of pain, and linked the salvation of the body with the salvation of the soul. Another figure rose amongst those which commanded reverence—the figure of the Good Physician—and this new type of heroism gave new glory to all whose occupation it was to care for the sick and suffering.

It is hopeless to attempt to realise the benefits of medical science and medical skill which we enjoy to-day. The mind cannot take in the incalculable blessing of such discoveries, and such applications of discoveries, as those which connect themselves in our country with the names of Jenner and Simpson and Lister. Such mastery has been obtained that that which was once fatal is now unattended even with risk, and that which would have been torture is hardly felt as ordinary pain. It stirs gratitude to its very depths, passing through a sick ward, to see excitement stilled into repose, crisis calmly waited for, and agony kept at bay. How can we but honour the men to whose patience and perseverance, thirst for knowledge and desire to use it, we owe so great a debt?

It is sometimes thought that a doctor's profession must tend to make him indifferent to pain. In some cases an acquired callousness is one of the conditions of success; to act with firmness and decision he must subdue his own sensitiveness; and it would be wrong to call this indifference. There are those, however, who contend that the practice of vivisection in our medical schools is a proof that the callousness complained of lies deeper than this. On this point let the present writer be allowed to say at once that, not only every natural instinct, but every moral principle he has, shrinks from the very thought of vivisection, if by vivisection is meant the cutting up of sensitive animals, the prolonged torture of exposed and excited nerves, the release of the victim only in order that the torture may be more thoroughly renewed. Not for all the honours and emoluments in the world would he be an operator under such conditions; not for life itself would he, as a patient, accept benefit on such terms. Suicide, or legalised homicide, would, in the last resort, be more defensible than this. For consciously and deliberately to gain your body at such cost is certainly to impair, perhaps to lose, your soul—if by soul you mean a life higher than the body's needs. Man's good is helped by incidental pain, but not by persistent outrage subversive of goodness. To victimise another is to brutalise yourself; the positive moral loss outweighs the possible material gain. There are natures, of course, that would not own this—would not feel the meanness of experimental torture, the

fiendishness of inventing pains unknown in nature, of drawing life through the agonies of a thousand deaths, death itself being refused—not unless they were themselves on the table, and under the grip of an unpitying hand. But we must not judge the whole profession by the acts of its least worthy members. If it be true that the Act for the Regulation of Vivisection passed in 1876 was strongly opposed by medical men generally; if it be true that the effect of that Act has been to protect the vivisector rather than his victim; still, we must deal with things as they are, strengthen the law and not despair of it, draw a distinction between total suppression and permissive use under certain conditions, have the evidence cleared of all partisan bias in selection and presentation, and be as little ready to cast a slur upon the physician as upon the soldier, jealous for the honour of both.

The two callings are closely connected. Where our soldiers go, there our doctors and nurses go. The angel of death is followed hard by the angel of pity; if brave men must die, they shall not needlessly suffer. The Geneva Convention and the rise of the Red Cross Society are bright spots in the annals of war. The courage and devotion of those who fight with death for the wounded are as noble, if not as conspicuous, as the courage of those who fight to conquer or fall. Our country is well served by them, and the dark side of war is relieved and made less shameful by these pure offices of tenderness and patient watching and practised skill.

But we need not wait for battles to be fought to find examples of the heroism which seeks, not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. There is a conflict, silent but deadly, at our own doors. Peace also has its wounded and its dying. The suffering of our dense home population does not strive nor cry, nor is its voice much heard in the streets. To see it, you must pass behind closed doors, and sometimes you must draw the truth from closed lips. Trained eyes, trained hands, trained nerves and senses are wanted here. Only they can act who have conquered their own disgust and shrinking, weakness and hesitation, impatience and excitability. Services like these are never requited. Skill and experience may have their market-value, and meet with some return, but the moral qualities which shine out in the kind and patient faces which pass through court and alley, and from ward to ward, are not always heeded, and can never be repaid. They are added to the account of unrewarded goodness, most prized by God, because little noticed by man. Take that band of workers out of our midst, and cries and groans would rend the air; they work so silently that their work must stop before we shall rightly know what it is they have been doing. They fight a secret battle with weariness of body and depression of mind and sadness of heart—they would be less, or more, than human if they felt them not. Shall we not reproach ourselves for not being more as they? This service, too, we must imitate. It is one of the great solaces of the world's sorrow. It cheers and softens and revives. It has its failures, but there is no vocation which can be charged with so little wilful harm. We may even say that no earthly ministry lies nearer to the path of him who "went about doing good."

E. P. Barrow.

Teachers of the Liberal Faith.

We have received two books from the Sunday School Association which we cordially recommend to the teachers of our senior classes. In "Our Faith," our friend Mr. Tarrant has given us six lectures, so packed with valuable matter, that a skilful teacher may find here the substance for a dozen good lessons. Mr. Tarrant's subjects are: (1) "The Temples and Churches of many Lands," (2) "Our Church," (3) "The World's Greatest Teachers," (4) "Jesus of Nazareth," (5) "The World's Sacred Books," (6) "Our Aim and Hopes" These lectures set forth generally the landmarks of the Liberal Faith, and in a style eminently attractive and practical. Another welcome book from the same publishers is Miss Frances Cooke's "Story of Whittier." In Miss Cooke's hands Whittier's life loses none of its fascination. The early struggles of the Quaker poet, who was also to a large extent *the* poet of Liberal Christianity, form one of the most romantic chapters in literary biography, and Miss Cooke has thrown herself into her subject with great zest. A capital book for the Sunday School Library.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. To-day is a king in disguise.—*Emerson.*

The question is not:
Art thou in the Nobility?
This is the question:
Is there Nobility in thee